

# THE MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC WORLDS

JOHN DREW is fond of telling a story which has to do with a time when the Daly company was on tour. They were booked to appear for two nights in a small Illinois town. After the first night's performance, Drew, in company with John Gilbert, returned to the rural hotel and was seated in the lobby, smoking, when a man, whose garb proclaimed him a native of the place, circled about the actors three or four times, as if waiting for an opportunity to enter into the conversation.

"There'll be something doing in a minute," whispered Gilbert. "Just wait and see."

Finally, the native gained courage and approached.

"I was to the op'ry house tonight," he said, by way of introducing himself. "Ah, indeed?" answered Gilbert. "And were you edified?"

"Huh, well I don't know 'bout that. Me and a friend went over. Say, you folks ought to stay some time. Me and my friend decided that your show was the best thing that's been here since Hinky Dumpy."

MISS ELIZABETH MARGURY, whose duty it is to collect Hall Caine's royalties from "The Eternity City" entertained a distinguished company at dinner just before the author sailed from New York. During the evening she told an anecdote which must have pleased Mr. Caine wonderfully, in view of his recent experiences with American critics:

Last summer Miss Margury was the guest of Sardou in Paris. One day a servant brought in the mail, when the dramatist picked up a small bundle, saying:

"This is my daily packet of abuse." He explained that the package contained cuttings from the French newspapers, and that the notices were regularly the

reverse of complimentary. "When the critics commence to praise me," said he, "then I shall know that I am in need of sympathy and that my days of usefulness are past."

CLYDE FITCH wrote a play and called it "The Stubbornness of Geraldine." Weber and Fields have now written another and called it "The Stubbornness of Geraldine."

LOUIROFF, the Russian baritone, who has come to this country for a concert tour, is said to have a voice of beautiful quality and unusual range. His singing, especially his use of the mezzo voice, has received high praise from prominent musical critics of Europe. His forte is the interpretation of his native folk-songs.

MAUD MACCARTHY, the young Irish violinist, has attained a singular distinction in the United States. Of all the foreign artists who have come to America this season she seems to be the only one who has created no disappointment. The others have been preceded individually by enough press matter for the whole lot of them put together. The public has been told of their genius until American concert-goers have been led to expect such art as has never been brought to these shores. The result, in nearly every instance, has been keen disappointment. Miss MacCarthy came unheralded, and her success was pronounced from the beginning.

BLANCHE WALSH is making a profound impression as Salambo in "The Daughter of Hamelcar."

ANDREAS DIPPEL, the German tenor, has abandoned his concert tour and canceled all dates. Mr. Dippel has in previous years been singing at the Metro-

politan with the Grau company, but this year decided to appear in concert. He sang November 9 in a Daniel Frohman concert at the Metropolitan.

AUSTRALIA is attempting to persuade Manager Maurice Campbell to send Henrietta Crossman to that country and take with her not only "The Sword of the King," her play of this season, but also "Mistress Nell," "As You Like It," "Madeline," and "Nance Oldfield." The tour, as one manager outlined it, included a stop at Honolulu for a few performances. The Australian stood ready to guarantee Miss Crossman almost an independent fortune for the Australian tour. Australians had heard so much of her fame and artistic successes, he said, that a visit to that country would be a triumph. At present there is no likelihood Miss Crossman will leave America. She says she is doing well enough here, and Australia is a long way from home.

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA, having been placed upon a permanent basis, will probably play this season in Boston, and possibly give another concert in New York. It is also possible that a spring tour through some of the other principal cities of the Middle West will be a part of the plan.

ADA CROSSLEY, an English contralto, is booked to sail on January 10 for her concert tour in America. She will be heard in all the principal cities east of the Missouri River.

"CARL CRUSADA," the young man who is at present musical director for Richard Mansfield, has the latter to thank both for his name and his good fortune. A year ago he was a trunk

handler traveling with "Beaucaire," one of the humblest members of the organization. But he always carried a violin about with him, and played it at every spare moment. The other workmen remarked on the fact, and also noticed that he played remarkably well for a man of his apparent station in life. Mr. Mansfield finally heard of it, and questioned the stage manager. Learning that Carl—the only name the young man went by—was not only a good musical ability, but was a faithful and efficient workman, the star called him back to his special car one day, as the organization was on its way to Chicago and made him play for him.

Mr. Mansfield was at once persuaded that he knew more about music than one who had merely picked up a few tunes, and cross-questioned him. Carl said that he was a graduate of the Prague Conservatory, one year behind Kubelik, and had come to this country with a band of young German musicians, who had an idea that managers were not necessary for success in America. The organization had been stranded before it had given one concert, and he had been forced to get what work he could.

"Well," said Mr. Mansfield, "you are no longer a workman; you are one of our artists. And your salary will be doubled."

When "Beaucaire" opened in Chicago, to Carl was given a last name to suit the star, and he was put in the cast to play a violin solo. He was twice recalled on the opening night, and was kept on the bill the rest of the season. And this year he is musical director.

FRANCIS ROGERS has been asked to sing at the White House January 9. He also sang there in the McKinley Administration.

## A SECRET OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

A NOVEL OF MUTINY AND MYSTERY—By W. BERT FOSTER.

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THIS STORY WAS BEGUN FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Edgar Thorne, the father of Howard Thorne, the hero of the story, having been unjustly suspected of robbing his employers, Undercliff & Monckton, Boston shipping merchants, of \$5,000, goes away and is lost at sea on the sailing ship Juan Fernandez, bound for Australia. The money supposed to have been stolen is found under circumstances which lead Howard to believe, when he comes to know of them twenty years later, that his father's ruin had been deliberately planned by the junior partner, Monckton, through jealousy and spite. Mr. Undercliff adopts Howard and treats him like a son. When the young man is in Harvard the firm receives a letter—in Edgar Thorne's handwriting—inclosing a draft to reimburse them for the amount lost while under his care. The draft is brought by Captain Latimer, of the firm's brig Naida.

Howard, convinced that his father is alive, sails on the Naida to search for him, but is annoyed to find he has, as a fellow-passenger, Carter Monckton, son of the man he believes to be his father's enemy. Carter is a hard drinker, and ostensibly takes the trip to sober up.

The second mate of the Naida is Sydney Latimer, the captain's daughter, a beautiful and cultured girl. Both passengers fall in love with her, and as to their enmity, Howard antagonizes Atwell, one of the sailors, by flouting him once when he is inebriated in Sydney. Atwell, a private supply of liquor on board, from which he supplies Carter, who becomes friendly with him. Another of the crew, Jessop, Howard discovers had been recently wrecked on an uncharted island in the South Pacific, from which he had been rescued.

### CHAPTER XIV. (Continued).

#### On the Edge of Eternity.

THE two neutral sailors stepped forward and helped Thorne to his feet.

"Seem as the Naida's a wreck, an' things are generally changed," said Jessop slowly, "Tom and me have signed articles with Mr. Thorne here."

Amid the silence of both parties they led him up the beach and were quickly out of sight.

Atwell gave a command in a low voice to his followers. They prepared at once to launch the long boat. They took the water cask and provisions out of the cutter and placed them in their craft. Then seizing an ax Atwell chopped a great hole in the cutter's bottom.

"There, my hearties," he said, with an evil smile, "I guess you'll stay here for one while. We'll bid you good-by for the present."

He motioned Monckton into the long boat which his men had already run down into the surf, and followed himself. The next moment they pushed off, and the little party of officers and the cook were deserted on the shore.

Sessions made another examination of the wounded captain.

"He isn't dead yet," he assured his companions. "The bullet took an upward course and lies under the skin on top of the shoulder. Lend me your knife, Pepper, and I'll cut it out."

"Tonia went for water and Sessions probed and cleansed the wound with his finger."

"It hasn't touched the lung," he said. "The old man's hard hit all round, but I reckon he'll come out of it."

"Yes, but how will we come out of it?" queried Pepper, gloomily.

"We shan't starve nor freeze," he returned the first officer. "What we must do is to join forces with Thorne and his party."

But they did nothing toward this that day. They found a more sheltered place among the boulders and removed the captain to it. The compass and instruments which were in the locker of the small boat were also taken to their new camp. Pepper and the cook rescued a number of valuable articles from the wreck, including casks of bread and meat and a small chest of carpenter's tools.

They saw Jessop and Shields occupied in the same work on the other side of the inlet. But Atwell and his party had disappeared with their boat around the western point of the island.

The next morning, however, Tom Shields made his appearance at the officers' camp.

"Well, what is it?" demanded Sessions, who hardly knew whether to look upon the sailor as a friend or an enemy.

"Mr. Thorne sends to know 'ow the cap'n is, sir," replied Tom, with a pull at his forelock.

"He's not badly hurt," said Sessions. "An' is doing as well as can be expected."

"Well, sir," went on the sailor, "Mr. Thorne was sayin' as 'ow you was welcome to bring 'im up to our place an' come yourself. We've found a nice, light, dry cave an' made it comfortable."

"So Mr. Thorne says that, does he?" asked Sessions curiously. "And what do you and Jessop say?"

"Why, sir," replied the Englishman awkwardly, "as we looks at hit, we ain't bound no longer by our articles. Mr. Thorne, 'e's ahlred of us both, an' wot 'e says goes."

"Oh, that's it, is it? Then I reckon we'll accept the offer, eh, Pepper?"

"That's my mind," responded the third mate. "Thorne's got as much to fear from Atwell and his crew as we have. We'd best join forces, say I."

They laid Captain Latimer upon a piece of sail cloth that had been in the cutter and carried him to the cave where Thorne and his two companions had established themselves. It was right beside the tunnel at the head of the inlet, and the entrance could be easily guarded.

Thorne was yet too stiff and lame to do any work himself; but under his supervision the two sailors had performed wonders. The rope he had used to lash himself to the raft on the night of the wreck, and which he had had the forethought to bring ashore when he found his valise, was rigged across the treacherous inlet. With this life line it was an easy matter to cross.

The two sailors had brought across the inlet a great quantity of the wreck-age Thorne had saved the morning before, and the cave was partially filled with bales, casks, and boxes. Part of the Naida's cargo had been sewing machines and farming tools. The first named were of no use to them, of course; but some of the latter had been cast by the sea, and Thorne had carefully saved them. Casks of meat and bread from the brig's stores were piled in the cave, too; and Jessop had found time to gather some coconuts from a grove up the coast and cut off the tops of several cabbage palms. They were well supplied with food.

"If we only had arms and ammunition," sighed Pepper, after he and Tonia had brought up the articles they had saved from the wreck. "If we only had them, we'd be in first-rate circum-

stances—for castaways. If I had a good Marlin repeater—or a Winchester—I'd agree to settle with Atwell and his whole gang, if they attack us."

"As it is, we haven't a blessed thing to defend ourselves with," said Sessions gloomily.

"Not quite," interposed Thorne. He brought out from the cave his revolver, newly cleaned and oiled. Every chamber was loaded. "I've got a valise hidden up the coast yonder," he added, "and among other things in it are two or three boxes of cartridges. I'll go after them before long."

But it was several days before he felt well enough to undertake the jaunt. Meanwhile an off shore gale had blown almost every vestige of the wreck away from the island. They could rescue no more of the brig's cargo. But they had already got together a great pile of broken spars and plank and cordage on the shore, besides the supplies in the cave.

Nothing had been seen or heard of Atwell and his friends, and they hoped the long boat had left the island and been blown so far away by the storm that the mutineers would not land again. Thorne talked with Jessop about making a journey of exploration around the island and of trying, if possible, to scale the cliff.

"It can't be done, sir," the sailor declared. "I tried that when I was here before. A goat couldn't get up them rocks."

"But I believe there is something behind the cliffs," Thorne said. "I don't know whether it's a basin of water, connected with the ocean by this inlet, or whether it's land. There's something there. And then from the top of the cliff we'd have a better chance of seeing land, if there's any near; or ships if they sailed by."

However, he had to admit that so far as could be seen on this side of the island there was no possible path to the summit of the cliff.

They had occupied the cave near the inlet a week before Thorne felt strong enough to go for the valise he had hidden where Sydney and he had stayed the night of the wreck. He went alone, found the bag, and carried it back to the inlet. As he started to cross he saw that the tide had just turned and was now making strongly into the tunnel. At low water, as now, the entrance to the mysterious passage was high enough for a good-sized boat to get through. Had the cutter been whole he would have been tempted to explore the place.

Stepping out upon the further bank he noticed, for the first time, that the plateau in front of the cave was deserted. Neither the officers of the Naida, the cook, nor the two sailors were in sight. Captain Latimer had not moved from his bed since being brought to it, and he was never left alone. But as Thorne hastened up the bank of the inlet he heard loud voices and a sudden fusillade of pistol shots from the direction of the beach. Startled by the sounds, he sprang upon a boulder and strove to gain a view of the shore. All he could see was a crowd of men struggling, nearly a quarter of a mile away, and who were friends and who enemies he could not tell.

"Look out for yourself, Thorne!" he heard Pepper shout. "These fiends have got the best of us."

There was a hoarse cry from Atwell, and Thorne saw the mutineer and several of his gang running up the incline toward him.

"Look out for the cap'n!" Sessions commanded.

Thorne fired a shot at the mutineers, checking their advance, and darted back to the entrance of the cavern. The opening was so narrow that but one of the attacking party could approach at a time. With his revolver he was practically master of the situation. As he entered he glanced in the di-

rection of the captain's bed. It was empty, nor was the wounded man anywhere in the cave. While trying to understand this strange disappearance, he heard a step outside. He ran to the mouth of the cavern. Atwell was coming stealthily up the path. Thorne cocked his revolver instantly, but the mutineer saw him.

"Hold on, sir!" he shouted, holding up his hand. "I ain't armed, I'm here for a talk."

"Well, talk quick." "Well, sir, me an' my mates have been livin' on 'other side of the island, an' we didn't have no chance to save any of the brig's stores. We want our share of them stores in the cave and the compass an' sextant that was in the locker of the cutter."

"What for?" "Why, we're minded to provision our boat well and find our way to the Marquesas. I'm a good navigator."

"And leave us to our fate?" "That isn't the way to look at it," responded Atwell pacifically. "The whole crowd of us couldn't go in that long boat, and the cutter is too small even if it wasn't smashed. There isn't any use expecting a ship to sail by this island. It's too far out o' the line of trade. But when we get to the Marquesas we'll send a boat back for you."

"Do you suppose we'd trust to your promise to send us help?" demanded Thorne.

"I don't see but what you'll have to," replied Atwell surlily.

"I guess I'll keep the instruments and stores," said Thorne. "You'll not leave this island unless we all go."

"You think so, do you?" cried Atwell in anger. "I've got the rest of your crowd—all but old Latimer—an' I'll shoot every one of them!"

"If you touch one of them you'll suffer for it," replied Thorne. "I was counted something of a pistol shot in Boston. I've got plenty of ammunition and I'll pick you off, one by one, if you harm those men."

"Maledictions on you!" roared Atwell. "I ought to have finished you when I had the chance. I thought I did, before I left the brig."

"So it was you who assaulted me, eh?" he asked. "And I have been laying it to my friend Monckton?"

"Monckton?" exclaimed Atwell, in disgust. "He hasn't got enough sand to kill a mosquito. Don't you forget that I am the chap who tried to do you. And the next time I'll be successful—you an' the cap'n both."

"Now, I've heard enough," said Thorne, sharply. "You get back out of range or your gang of cutthroats will be without a leader."

"See here—you talk to Latimer about it, an' see what he says," said Atwell trying to swallow his chagrin.

"I can't."

"No; he's not here."

"You're lying, I believe!" declared Atwell.

"You're welcome to your belief. He's disappeared. I'm here alone. I'm a desperate man—I don't care much whether I live or die. You fellows won't get in here while I can keep you out. Now hustle along."

Atwell slunk slowly out of sight. Thorne was tempted to put a bullet through him as he went. He knew that the mutineer would not have hesitated at such an act himself, but Thorne was handicapped by preconceived ideas of honor. That night he lay at the entrance of the cave, his weapon cocked and ready in his hand. He was determined that no one should enter the place excepting over his dead body. He dared not sleep—at least, not in the night. How long he could hold out against his besiegers he did not know. The condition of his friends in Atwell's hands worried him, too. But, most of all, he feared for Captain Latimer's safety.

(WILL BE CONTINUED TOMORROW AND EVERY WEEK DAY UNTIL COMPLETED.)

## STREET RAILWAY FOR CITY OF MANILA

### Present System Inadequate and Service Infrequent

The chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs of the War Department has just received by the last mail from Manila the full text of the enactment of the Philippine Commission providing for the granting of a franchise to construct an electric street railway on the streets of Manila and its suburbs and a franchise to construct, maintain, and operate an electric light, heat, and power system in the city of Manila and its suburbs, after competitive bidding.

The present street car system in Manila is inadequate; the cars are small and drawn by the native Filipino ponies, the service is infrequent, and then only along a very few of the more important thoroughfares. It is at present the practice of all classes to hire public cabs, called carromatas or quizeles, in going from one point to another in the city. The charge for the use of these cabs is from 15 to 20 cents for the course. The demand for these public vehicles is such, however, that despite the fact that licenses have been issued to upwards of four thousand, the number is entirely inadequate to meet the demands and it is impossible to secure public transport during certain hours of the day.

With an American and European population of more than 20,000, and a native and Chinese population of upwards of 300,000 living in a city covering an area of twenty square miles, it will be apparent that there is a broad field for the installation of a suitable and adequate street railway system. The climatic conditions during the greater part of the year are such as to render walking difficult and unpleasant, and it is believed that the percentage of the population that will have recourse to a properly conducted street system of transportation will be greater than in the average American city.

The route of the proposed system as fixed by the Philippine Commission is thirty-five miles long, and is so arranged as to furnish a satisfactory system of transportation from any part of the city to any other part, and without passing through any territory which would not regularly contribute its quota of passengers, takes in two race courses and the baseball park.

The interest of the population, both American, European and native, in horse racing, due to the fact that many forms of recreation resorted to by residents of the United States are impracticable, is such that meets are held during one or two days of each week practically all the year round except during a short period at the height of the rainy season. This traffic in itself, it is believed, would contribute much to the revenues of the street railway system.

### BALTIMORE ALL-STARS

#### DEFEAT LOCAL Y. M. C. A.

The "All-Stars," of Baltimore, easily defeated the local Y. M. C. A., in the game of indoor baseball played in the association gymnasium Saturday.

The visitors pounded out fourteen runs off Speare, who was not half as effective as usual, while Cuddy, who did the strong arm work for the Baltimore lads held the locals down to eight runs, most of which were made at the eleventh hour, when the game was practically won and lost. The features of the contest were the splendid pitching done by the visiting twirler and the clever base running and heavy hitting of the visitors. The Baltimore lads did not get as many hits as the locals, but their speedy running won the game for them. Cuddy's support was also of the gilt-edge triple-plate order.

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## BALTIMORE NIMRODS KILL BIG WILD BOAR

### One Dog Slain Before Two Loads of Buckshot Finished the Game After Long Chase.

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 22.—Henry T. Frankendorf, of Baltimore county, near the Pennsylvania line, is the hero of a wild boar hunt which lasted two days and finally resulted in the killing of a huge and fierce brute that weighed 369 pounds. Frankendorf was accompanied by his two sons, Harry and Clarence.

Several years ago a number of wealthy Germans imported a number of wild boars from their native land and turned them loose on their reservation near Porter Lake, Pike county, Pa. Several have escaped during the last few years and are suspected of having multiplied rapidly and haunt the densely wooded tracts on the Maryland-Pennsylvania line.

The killing of the boar was accomplished after a chase of twenty-seven miles. One dog was killed by the boar, but he made no attack on the men. Two loads of buckshot, fired at a range of fifty yards, did the business.

The boar's tusks were three inches long and very sharp. The hair was black and tipped with gray. The meat was found to be good.

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